# THE Tenth SATYR OF JUVENAL DONE INTO English Verse.

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*By J. H. Esq;*

*With an Epistle to the Vicar of* T——*in* B—Shire.

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THE

# Tenth SATYR

OF

# JUVENAL

PUT INTO

# English Verse.

529. 11

# Epistle Dedicatory.

## To Mr. J. P.—— A. M. And Vicar of T—— in B—Shire.

TO my certain knowledge Mr. P—— you have a considerable number of Books in your Study, which are I suppose like others, some better, and some worse: but amongst them all I believe you have scarce one without an Epistle Dedicatory, a Preface, an Advertisement, or somewhat Equivalent to these; The Office of all which, are (like that of the Master of the Ceremonies) to introduce the Book it self into the presence of the Friendly Reader, and to engage him before-hand with all the Terms of Courtesie and Complaisance to give it a kind Reception. Truly Breeding's a fine thing, and ought to be encouraged. To this purpose do many even before a poor Play, and often before somewhat else of less worth, make a Dedication to Persons of the highest Quality in the Land (when the Author finds his own Interest and Figure, not sufficient of it self) to bespeak them, to oblige the Reader to all Candour and Civility, which they frequently do as little concern themselves in, as the meerest Strangers, as the Emperour of Morocco, or the great Mogul. Now concerning this following Translation, which I venture abroad, for Reasons, I'll tell you by and by, I have declin'd applying my self in this sort to any of the Nobless or Gentry in the Land, and pick't you out from all others to Patronize it. And who more fit to protect my Constructions than he who has formerly been my Pedagogue, (tho' I confess it was but for a short time, and that in my Fathers house too) and who is still the present Minister of Our Parish, I should have said Spiritual Pastor, and Teacher; but that I am resolv'd this Dedication shall be so far the reverse to all others, as not once to border upon Flattery. And indeed I think it is but agreeable what is prefixt to Satyr, should be of such a kind. Now all the Reasons (except what I just now named) why I choose to make my Address to you in this Nature, are only these two. First, that without any manner of Starchness or Ceremony, I may write what I please to you with the greatest freedom and liberty that can be, which I

love

love very much. And secondly, because whatever I do write, you will take no notice of it; for it is a most peculiar quality in your self, not to mind what another says to you, you being for the most part so intirely wrapt up, in the Contemplation of those wonderful Idea's, and pleasant Images fram'd in your own mind, that either you despise, or at least will not be at leisure to attend to the Petit and Foreign conceits of another Man. But by all means proceed in your own way, it is not fit that I should attempt to abridg you of that liberty, which at the same time I take: For now my hand is in, I desire no more to be controul'd, in what I write, than you in what you say, both in and out of the Pulpit. But it seems I have promised to give you some Reasons, why I publish this Version, and every honest Man ought to be as good as his word, tho' to his own prejudice; as for ought I know this may prove to mine, if you do not interpose stoutly in its Defence, which in Honour you are no less obliged to, notwithstanding my plain Dealing with you as occasion offers. I dare say Mr. P.——you do not think I bear you the least spleen or ill will, but rather the contrary, and shall still be ready to do you what kindness lyes in my power; and whatever Discovery is here made of failures, either in you or my self, I declare it is not design'd to prejudice either of us, but for both our amendments. But in the next place, to the Reasons I spoke of; methinks I am called upon for those Reasons; in troth I begin to repent me of my promise, and to wish I was well off it; for I find it harder to keep word than I thought for. But let the Truth out, be the Consequence what it will. Be it handsom or ugly, this Cub which I am now presenting to you, is my own, and no less than nine years old; just nine years agone, since I brought it forth in private for my own Pleasure as Diversion, and those few Friends who saw it so long since know; but I confess Mr. P——you know nothing of this, for I did not then shew it you. The next thing I should say is, that it is now made publick by the importunity of Friends; but I will not tell a Ly, I cannot say so honestly; only this I can truly say, that to the best of my Remembrance upwards of five years agone, one of those Friends who had seen my Version, told me Juvenals Satyrs were about to come forth, and be done into Englisth by several Hands, and that he thought mine would do well enough, or very well, or words to th t purpose, for I am now upon Evidence, and he desir'd me to send it him to Town in ordine ad——So then I took my Cub, reviewed it, and lickt it over, sent it up to my Friend, who log'd it with Mr. Jacob Tonson, where it has layn quiet as a Lamb ever since, and hurt nobody. The other day out comes Juvenal in Englisth, published by Mr. Dryden, the several Satyrs translated by himself and others, Printed by the same Mr. Tonson, and no notice in the least taken of this by Mr. Dryden, who perhaps possibly might not see it, altho' his Bookseller had it four or five years by him, and still has it or has lost it. Some of my Friends told me, they expected to find my Name at the Tenth, upon which to say Truth, I looked a little simply, and

told

*told them that I heard Mr.* Dryden *(to whom I am a Stranger) for ſome reaſons beſt known to himſelf, was reſolved to pitch upon the Tranſlation of the Tenth* Satyr, *and where it was ſo much* Impar Congreſſus *it was not for me to vye. However, ſays my Friend (and he did urge me a little; tho' I cannot call it importunity) you ought to put yours out, becauſe ſeveral of your Acquaintance have expected it, and who having only heard of it, will think it worſe than it is: Upon that I took up this deſperate reſolution, of Printing it, reſolving to run all hazards therein; nay, tho' at the ſame time I confeſs I have but a mean Opinion of it my ſelf, and know it not to be done ſo well as it ought to be; and I dare ſay it is the perſuaſion of moſt Readers, that none of all the Tranſlators come up to the beauty and ſtrength of the Author himſelf. Beſides, Mr.* P——*I know not whether you have ever met with the following Monaſtick,*

Muſt none but Civet Cats have leave to ſh---?

*A very unreaſonable confinement! Were the uſe of the Pencil deny'd to every one but the Maſter Painter, he muſt of Courſe ſuffer in his reputation for want of Foyls. And upon ſecond thoughts I am very well ſatisfied that it can be no loſs of Reputation to a Country Gentleman, if he do's not Foot it ſo finely as a Dancing Maſter. And he who only now and then uſes Poetry for his Diverſion, may very well be excuſed if he do's not Top his part in it, equal to him, whoſe buſineſs, profeſſion, and livelihood it is. And now methinks I have given a reaſon good enough and ſufficient for the publiſhing of this: But I have a better behind, which is the admirable worth of the* Satyr *its ſelf; ſo incomparably inſtructive for the good of Mankind, that it ſhould be with my free conſent, if at leaſt ten more ſeveral Hands, would go on with the Verſion of this ſo many times over again to make it the more diffuſive;* Eo melius, Quo communius. *I do not recollect I ever read any thing (Except in Holy Writ) which contains ſuch a comprehenſive Benefit in ſuch ſhort Dimenſions, and affords ſuch a variety of Matter fit for Divines to handle more at large from their Pulpits. And therefore as (Mr.* Dryden *ſays) it is no wonder that the preſent Biſhop of* Salisbury *has recommended this Tenth* Satyr *of* Juvenal, *together with all thoſe of* Perſius, *to the ſerious peruſal and practice of the Divines in his Dioceſe, as the beſt Common Places for their Sermons,* &c. *It is true,* Perſius *may now be recommended in* Engliſh, *ſince we are beholding to Mr.* Dryden, *for his moſt excellent Tranſlation of it, and making it to be underſtood, which it was to very few before. I have* Barten Holy-Days *Engliſh* Perſius *by me, but the Author in* Latin *ſeems much the more intelligible of the Two. And as the old Monks formerly uſed to ſay at the ſight of Greek Characters,* Græcum eſt, non poteſt Legi, *and ſo it was laid aſide; the like has* Perſius *been for being*

*unintelligible. I am sorry farther to say it (but without question its true) that there are too many (how few soever) amongst the Inferiour Clergy, whose Defect of Learning is such, by reason of ill Foundations laid at School, upon which their short stay at the Universities, and their own Idleness into the bargain has not permitted them to make any considerable superstructure there, that they are not only incapable of construing* Persius, *but they cannot take the Genuine Sense of our Author, meerly for want of knowing Latin well enough; to those of them therefore whose Purse will bear it, I recommend the purchase of the late* English Juvenal *and* Persius *at large, Translated by Mr.* Dryden, *and several other eminent Hands: But to others, whose Benefices are smaller, and with whom Mony is scarce, this will come at a low Price; and if Mr.* B—— *who Prints it, has Interest enough to engage several Ordinaries against they hold their next Visitations, each to take a Parcel off his Hands, in order to disperse amongst the said Clergy, he must needs then be in no danger of losing by this Copy. So, I am glad I have done with these Reasons: What with them, and what otherwise, I shall make this* Dedication *out-swell the Bulk of the little Book it self; which if it should, we have Modern Presidents sufficient to justifie the same. Notwithstanding which (altho' it runs out of shape) before I take my leave of you Mr.* P—— *I have some Bolts to shoot as well as others, concerning Translating into* English *Verse; in which whosoever will be safe, and desires to be well instructed in the same, he will receive the best Directions and Rules for it, from my Lord* Roscomons *Essay upon Translated Verse, very surpassing in its kind. I confess this Version dares not stand Tryal upon the strict Test of those Laws, nor justifie its self, in erring from those Rules; only this it has to say for it self, as I ghess, it was near a Year old when that was Printed, and I saw not that Essay, till some Years afterwards. That noble Author says,* France *has been beforehand with us in Translating the Roman and Greek, but we have since outdone them therein; and the reason he gives is, not that we exceed them in Wit, but that our Language is really better than theirs: However strange a Paradox this may seem to many, the meaning I suppose is, we have Words more significative and expressive, more useful in conveying knowledge, which is the end of all Language; and according as any Language performs this better, or worse, it ought to be prefer'd, and not according to its smoothness and soft sounding. To this purpose let me cite some Lines of the forementioned Essay.*

Vain are our Neighbours hopes, and vain they'r cares,
The fault is more their Language's than their's;
'Tis copious, florid, pleasing to the Ear,
With softness more perhaps than ours can bear:
But who did ever in *French* Authors see
The Comprehensive *English* Energie?

The

# The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

The weighty Bullion of one Sterling line,
Drawn to *French* Wire, would through whole Pages ſhine:
I ſpeak my private, but impartial Senſe,
With freedom, and I hope without offence.
For I'll recant when *France* can ſhew me Wit,
As ſtrong as ours, and as ſuccinctly Writ.

*Neither do I think it impertinent here to reprehend the commonly Styling of thoſe Men, the moſt Learned, who are moſt skilled in the variety of Languages, and the Criticiſms therein: Whereas thoſe rather ſhould more juſtly deſerve the appellation of moſt Learned, who have moſt uſeful knowledge in them, altho' they are Maſter of but one Language to convey it to others. I remember an Ingenious Gentleman once told me, that he knew a Man, could ſpeak ſeven ſeveral Languages, and not good ſenſe in any one of them. If this looks like an Excurſion, Mr.* P—— *none ought to excuſe that more than your ſelf, it being your frequent practice: Nay, I have known your Diſcourſe for a whole hour together, to be Parentheſis within Parentheſis, without any knitting or joyning at all. The very thinking of which makes me too apt to imitate you in this Epiſtle; or on the other hand to make the Joynts of it too Gouty. All I have to ſay farther concerning Tranſlating, is only this,* viz. *The ſame Man who is compleat Maſter of Words and Meaſures, and whoſe Genius is right ſet for the Tranſlating of* Soft Lays, *yet he is not thereby qualify'd to perform the like in Satyr to the beſt advantage: For inſtance, one Man may Tranſlate* Ovid's Epiſtles *very well, when the ſame ſmooth Turn is not to be practiſed in the Tranſlation of* Juvenal's Satyrs, *which certainly are writ with a ſort of Maſterly roughneſs for the moſt part. And ſo on the contrary, another Man who has this Qualification Predominant will with the like diſadvantage Tranſlate one of* Ovid's Epiſtles, *unleſs he has ſuch an abſolute command over himſelf as to ſubject his own Genius, intirely to that of the Authors before him. Mr.* Oldham, *not many years ſince Dead, ſeemed to be one of the ſtrongeſt Writers, in this different double Qualification; who, had he lived longer, gave the moſt hopeful promiſes of proving a great Maſter in* Engliſh Poetry, *which he made his buſineſs. I ſhall now detain you very little longer Mr.* P—— *I was about to gather Counſel for you, and preſent you variouſly in that kind; but I ſhall wave it till a convenient opportunity of diſcourſing with you: If you pleaſe we'll cloſe this* Dedication *very ſeriouſly with a ſhort Collect of our Authors,*

Orandum eſt ut ſit Mens ſana in Corpore ſano.

*Pray God ſend you and I Health and Wiſdom, an amendment to my Under-*

*ſtanding*

*ſtanding and your Will, or rather to both in each of us. You know I told you at the beginning that this* Epiſtle Dedicatory *ſhould, contrary to all others, utter nothing in praiſe of the Party it is made to, otherwiſe I could juſtly have ſaid that I ſcarce know any one, who from ſo ſmall an Incom, and great Loſſes too, has made better Proviſion for his Family, and hitherto put his Children ſo well out into the World, as you have done, very much to your Commendation. But it is high time for me to leave off, when I am ſo near breaking my Word. Notwithſtanding I have (out of choice) writ to you, after this maundring manner, which is much the ſame, as we uſe to talk together in ſometimes; yet it being well meant, I'll not once doubt but it will be ſo taken: And I'll aſſure you farther, Mr.* P—— *what Kindneſs lyes in my power, to do either to you, or yours, ſhall be very readily performed by*

Sir,

Your real Friend, *&c.*

*J. H.*

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THE

# THE
# Tenth SATYR
## OF
# JUVENAL,

**Engliſhed in the Year 1683.**

## ARGUMENT.

*The* **Poet** *ſets forth in the following* **Satyr**, *how frequently the various deſires of Mankind, (being granted) prove Curſes to them, giving inſtances upon their praying for, and ſeeking after Riches, Honours, Eloquence, Victory, and Glory in VVarfare, Long-life and Beauty; that the very obtaining them often prove the ruin of the Poſſeſſors: He therefore adviſes Man only to pray for Health and Wiſdom, and leave the reſt to Providence, who knows what's fitteſt for us, and accordingly diſpenſes to us.*

TRaverſe this Buſy Ball of Earth around,
How few of Human-kind will there be (found,
Whoſe Judgment from the Miſt of Error free,
The difference between Good and Ill can ſee?

For what with reaſon have we cauſe to dread,
Or on juſt grounds what's to be coveted ?
What wiſe contrivance can be laid ſo fine,
But that you may repent of your deſign ?
And the enjoyment of your eager wiſh
Its ſelf ſhall prove the Murder of your Bliſs?
Whole Families have their Deſtruction had,
By Heaven indulging to thePrayers they made.
Perils proceed not from the Sword alone,
As fatal Dangers do attend the Gown;
And many a Man his Death has fondly met,
By's florid Tongue and overflowing Wit ;
He too, who made a God of his ſtrong Arms
Truſting to them, from them he felt his harms.
But Avarice has ruin'd many more,
By heaping up, till they encreaſe their ſtore
Beyond their Neighbours Subſidies, as far
As Britiſh Whales bigger than Dolphins are.
In *Nero*'s days of Blood and Violence,
Being rich was held a Capital Offence:
That brought [2] *Longinus* miſerable Doom,
Not hanging *Caſſius*'s Picture in a Room:
Old [3] *Seneca*'s fine Gardens made him bleed,
And being Wealthier than a Subject need :
To [4] *Lateranus* was allow'd no proof
Of Guilt, but ſeiz'd he was, and ſtrait cut off.
The Plundering Souldier very rarely comes
Into poor Cottages,or empty Rooms.
If you've a little Treaſure to convey,
How ſneakingly by night you ſteal away!

And

And fancy every ſtubbed *Buſh* you ſee
To be an armed Man to murder thee;
Thou trembleſt at the ſhadow of a leaf,
While the poor Trav'ler ſings before the Thief.
Yet theſe are the chief wiſhes of mankind,
Which ev'n in Temples his Devotions blind,
Still asking for more Wealth; for every one
Deſires to be the Richeſt in the Town.
But none drinks Poiſon out of Earthen Ware;
When the Crown'd Goblet's at thy Lips, then fear,
And of Wine, ſparkling in Gold Cups, beware.
Now therefore can you give applauſe to that
Which a [5] Wiſe man laugh'd in deriſion at?
At which another [6] Man, as wiſe as he,
Wept, when he put his Head abroad to ſee
The Follies of the Sons of Miſery.
You'l ſay 'tis eaſie for a man to laugh,
But to weep always is more ſtrange by half.
*Democritus* perpetual Laughter made
At Foolries in the Towns where he was bred,
Yet he ſaw no ſuch *Robes* and *Rods* at home,
Nor other Trinkets, as there are at *Rome*.
What if he had ſeen a new choſe Magiſtrate
One of our chiefeſt Miniſters of State,
In his Guilt Chariot, and Embroider'd Veſt,
A Pageant for the gaping Rabble dreſt?
Thus mounted in the middle of the dirt,
Staring about him to behold the ſport,
With a large Trailing Purple colour'd Gown,
Which hangs from his much Honour'd ſhoulders

(down,

A Crown ſo heavy as no head can wear,
A ſweaty fellow do's behind him bear,
Who, leſt the Conſul's Thoughts ſhould ſwell (too high,
In the ſame Chariot with him rides, to cry,
*My Lord, remember your Mortality.*
Look next upon an Ivory Scepters Top,
How the Spread-Eagle there is mounted up:
See here a Troop of Horn-pipes toot along,
Before him Friends, & humble Servants throng
About his Chariot ſides, clad all in White;
March Loving Friends, ſuch as get mony by't.
In's own dull Clymate fam'd *Democritus*,
Derided things much leſs ridiculous:
Yet proper Objects of a Wiſe man's ſcorn, (born
Whoſe Prudence ſhews us that there may be
Men of great Senſe and exemplary Worth,
In the worſt Clymes and Countries upon Earth.
He laugh't at Mortal Man's fantaſtick Cares,
His vain rejoycings and his fruitleſs Tears:
When angry Fortune frownd, it made him (mock,
And point more at her for a laughing-ſtock.
While prayers which to thoſe Idol-Gods are ſent,
Prove hurtful, or at beſt impertinent.
Ev'n Power it ſelf (which one would think (ſhould be
The moſt invincible ſecurity,)
When undermin'd by Envy headlong throws,
To ruin the [7] great Man, and all his Houſe:
Honours

Honours and Anceſtors are vilify'd,
And every Action of Renown, bely'd,
The Rabble pulls, and down his Statues go,
Their Axes cut his Chariot Wheels in two;
His harmleſs Horſes Legs are broke, and now
The Great *Sejanus* in the Furnace ly's,
How the Fire crackles, and his Image Frys.
Behold that Noble Head, ſo late ador'd,
Of all the Univerſe the ſecond Lord,
New run, do's but braſs Pots and Pans produce,
And other Utenſils of meaneſt uſe.
But get your wreaths of Laurel ready made,
To th' Capitol a large White Heifer's led,
There to be offer'd up a Sacrifice
To *Jupiter* for theſe Diſcoveries.
See, ſee, the Great *Sejanus* drag'd, aloud
He's mock'd and lur'd at by the giddy Crowd:
Crys one, what ugly pouting Lips he has!
Who would not ſwear that was a Traytors Face!
Believe me, I nere lik't the Man, not I,
But what's the Crime for which he is to dy?
Who's the Informer? what's the Evidence
That's brought againſt him? None (without offence)
Only from [8] *Capreæ* a long Letter came,
Writ to the Senate in *Tiberius* Name.
O very well, I ask no more; but pray,
At theſe proceedings what do th' People ſay?
They help them forward as they'r wont to do;
Whom Fortune favours, is they'r Favourite too:

A Man Condemn'd they damn without remorſe:
Had Fortune on a ſuddain chang'd her courſe,
And put *Tiberius* in *Sejanus* power,
This very People in this very hour,
Had call'd Him Traytor, this Man Emperour.
The *Romans* loſt the profits of their voice,
E're ſince they loſt they'r priviledge, in choice
Of all the greateſt Officers of State,
Nor are they very much concern'd thereat;
Only Sollicitous, to have the Court,
Give them they'r Belly fulls, and find 'em ſport.
Yet ſhall you hear one whiſpering of the Plot,
No doubt there's many more to go to Pot:
The preparations are for Slaughter great,
I but ev'n now at *Mars*'s Altar met
My Friend [9] *Brutidius* looking gaſhly pale,
Which made me fear things did not go ſo well:
Heaven grant our [9] *Ajax* in his fury knows
*Cæſar*'s true Loyal Subjects from his Foes;
Then headlong let us run where it does lie,
And kick the Traytors Corpſe with Infamy:
But let our Servants ſee us pay th' abuſe,
Leaſt they to ſave themſelves ſhould us accuſe.
Thus go's the talk about *Sejanus* Fate,
And privately they murmur at this rate.
Now who would be *Sejanus*, tho' he were,
In all his paſt Proſperities to ſhare?
Make Officers, as he was wont to do,
Both in the City and the Army too;
Be call'd his Princes Tutor, (who ne're ſtirs,
The while from his belov'd Aſtrologers:)

Would

VVould'ſt be Commander of the Foot and Horſe,
The Generaliſſimo of *Cæſar*'s Force?
I'll not deny, but 'tis to be deſir'd,
When it may innocently be acquir'd;
For he whoſe honeſt Conſcience ſcruples Ill,
Can yet diſpenſe with having power to kill:
But in the greateſt Power a Man enjoys,
Will all the Good the Evil Counterpoiſe?
Who'd put the Purple Robes of Grandeur on
To be like him, to Ruin tumbled down?
Is it not better far to be content,
With a ſmall Corporations Government?
To be poor [10] *Ædile* of [11] *Ulubræ* there
To break falſe Meaſures, and falſe Weights repair?
This of *Sejanus* then you muſt confeſs,
He never underſtood true Happineſs:
VVho too much Honour, too much Riches ſought,
Till by thoſe guilded baits of Fortune caught,
VVas mounted to her higheſt Pinnacle,
From whence he had the much more dreadful (fall.
VVhat Murder'd [12] *Craſſus*? what loſt [13] *Pom-*
*pey*'s breath?
What wrought the Great [14] Dictators bloody death?
But wild Ambition to become Supreme,
And what they coveted Heaven granting them:
For few Crown'd Heads go to the Grave in peace,
And Tyrants ſeldom dye of a Diſeaſe.
*Demoſthenes* and [15] *Tully*'s Eloquence,
Are juſtly prais'd for VVit and mighty Senſe;

On

On which School-boys at breaking up declaim,
And pray *Minerva* to give them the ſame:
To imitate them every Block-head ſtrives,
And yet their Rhetorick coſt them both their lives.
*Tully*'s ſharp VVit edg'd with a bitter ſcoff,
His Hands, and his grey aged Head cut off:
VVhile the ſmall practiſer his Throat may tear
With bawling, e're his Blood ſhall ſtain the Bar.
[16] What happineſs did happen unto thee,
O *Rome*, when thou didſt me thy Conſul ſee!
This was ſuch very harmleſs Poetry.
[17] *Antony*'s Cut-throats he could never fear,
If all he ſpoke had been no more ſevere
Let me compoſe the *Dogrel Tetraſtiche*
Rather than thy Divine *Philippick* ſpeech.
Nor had [18] *Demoſthenes* a better Fate,
Whoſe Golden Tongue rul'd the Athenian State.
Got in a froward minute, and brought forth
Under malignant Aſpects at his *B*irth,
The blear-ey'd Father, Blackſmith by his Trade,
Will have his Son to be a Scholar bred,
Who from the ſooty Forge and Anvil ſent,
*T*o School, unluckily grew Eloquent.
In *T*riumph ſee, the Man of Steel return
VVith ſpoils of *W*ar, and ragged *T*rophy's born,
His Armor batter'd, and his Helmet torn;
*T*he Pole and Carriage of his Chariot broke,
*W*ith Streamers from a Conquer'd Gally took
On high a Captive rides with a ſad look.
*T*his more than any human Bleſſing is
*T*he Soldier cries; and troth, for only this *T*he

*The Roman, Greek,* and every *Pagan* chief
Gets *W*ounds, and hazzards, loſs of Blood, and Life.
Men all this pains for Fame, not Vertue take;
*W*hat Man acts vertuouſly for Vertue's ſake?
*T*hus glorious *T*itles are acquir'd by ſome,
*W*ho on they'r Countries ruin build they'r *T*omb,
*VV*hich ſpringing Shrubs, at length ſhall make (decay,
Or *T*ime, who moulders Monuments away.
Put all that's left of mighty [19] *Hannibal,*
And try how many pounds he weighs i'th Scale.
Strange! who would think that this ſhould be (the Man,
Whom Living, not all *Africk* could contain,
From the *Atlantick* to the fruitful *Nile,*
But for more Empire he muſt Sweat and *T*oyl.
*T*o joyn *Spain* to his Race of Æthiops,
He marches o're the *Pyrean* Mountains *T*ops;
From thence in *Italy,* to levy *VV*ar,
He eats his way thro Rocks with Vinegar:
*Italy* got he's ſtill diſſatisfy'd,
Nothing's yet done, this Braggadocio cry'd,
Until I break they'r City Gates, and come
*T*o pitch my Standard in the heart of *Rome.*
What a fine Figure 'twould in Picture make
*T*his one eye'd Spark, upon an Elephants back?
Vain fading Glory! what's thy end? at laſt,
This Man or'ecome to Exile fled as faſt,
*VV*ho inth' *Bythynian* Court his diſtance keeps,
And waits Attendance while that Monarch ſleeps;

Nor Swords, nor Rocks, nor Darts, could end this (Life,
Which in the *World* wrought ſo much bloody (ſtrife;
*But* in a Ring a little Poiſon hid,
*Was* the Avenger for the Blood he ſhed.
Go, Mad-man, climb the dreadful Alps, that *Boys*
In Declamations may *Tone* forth thy praiſe.
The [20] Great *Pellæan* Youth complains, and cries,
One *World's* too narrow for my Victories;
*This* Earth wants elbow-room, as if the while,
H'had been Coop't up in Rocky [21] *Gyarus* Iſle:
Yet having enter'd *Babylon*, we ſee,
A Coffin held him wondrous quietly.
Death ſhews what Human Compoſition is
He's the Plain-dealer with our Carkaſſes.
In Ancient *Times* it was believ'd to be,
About Mount *Athos* Navigable Sea,
That [22] *Xerxes* Fleet lay there, (tho' the *Greeks* lye
Moſt damnably in writing Hiſtory.)
*When* croſs thoſe Streights he made a *Bridg* of (*Boats*,
And rattl'd o're it with his Chariots;
That after dinner for a large Grace-Cup,
*His* Army drank whole running Rivers up:
So ſung by [23] *Soſtratus*, that ſoaking Sot;
But when away from *Salamis* he got,
*How* then return'd he back after his loſs?
Who whip'd the very *Winds* for being croſs,
Never ſo firk't before by *Æolus*.
*By* whoſe command Fetters were thrown i'th Sea,
*To* bind her that ſhe might not diſobey,

And

And kind he thought it, not to burn the Waves,
( Gods only can be fit for *Xerxes* Slaves. )
But how return'd he back? This bluſtering Huff,
In a ſmall Fiſher-boat went ſneaking off,
Which every floating Carkaſs turn'd aſide;
The Fool for fear of Drowning terrify'd,
And plagu'd for his incorrigible Pride.
Such are the Puniſhments and Sufferings,
Which the immoderate Luſt of Glory brings.
Then for long Life, *Jove* grant me length of Days,
So the Young, Healthful, Old, and ſickly prays;
But what's Old Age? continued Miſeries,
An ill ſtuff'd *Bundle* of Infirmities;
Deformity encroaching on the Face,
And it grows nothing like to what it was;
It wears a writhled and diſcouler'd skin,
Has flabby Cheeks ſunk with deep furrows in,
Meagre and wrinkled, nor in hiew nor ſhape
Unlike the crumpl'd Viſage of an Ape.
Young Men may be diſtinguiſh'd ſeveral ways,
One has a petty ſmirk about the Face,
Another Limbs, and good broad Shoulders has.
Old Men are all alike, their Members ſhake
With Palſy, and they quaver when they ſpeak.
Their Crowns are bald, their Noſes Snotty be,
Juſt as they were, in driveling Infancy:
Their Meat for want of Teeth they cannot chew,
Helpleſs and very troubleſom they grow,
To their Wives, Children and themſelves, nor leſs
Do their own Syc'phants loath their Naſtineſs.

The

The Old Mans reliſh of his Palate's loſt;
Neither good Wine, nor Sawces, can he taſt;
The pleaſure when he knew a Woman laſt
Is quite forgot; nay, tho with Art all Night,
She tries to ſet his wither'd Tool upright,
Tis paſt all hopes of knowing more delight.
By Nature jilted, the attempt's given o're;
And thus the feeble Lecher jilts the Whore.
Examine now another Senſe decay'd,
Grown deaf, no *Muſick* makes his hearing glad:
He's not affected with the warbling Note,
Of the fam'd Songſter Clad in gaudy Coat,
Not tho't comes from [24] *Seleucus* warbling Throat.
Sets him down in the Play-houſe any where,
Haut-Boys, or Trumpets he can ſcarcely hear;
And's Boy muſt hollow to acquaint him who
'Twas enter'd laſt, or how the Time do's go.
*T*hen in his Veins ſome *B*lood do's ſlowly creep,
Which gentle Feavers juſt from freezing keep;
Diſeaſes are ſo numerous throughout
His Body, that 'tis eaſier to compute,
What numbers have giv'n [25] *Hippia*'s Luſt relief,
How many Patients in one fall o'th Leaf
Were kill'd by Doctor [26] *Themiſon*, or count what
[27] *Baſil* the Præfect by his Cheating got:
How many Orphans [28] *Irus* has undone,
How many luſty Rogues 'twixt Sun and Sun,
[29] *Maura* that *W*hore Infallibly enjoys,
Or that lewd Pædagogue [30] *Amillus* Boys.

'Tis

'Tis eaſier reckon'd (tho' 'twould put me to't)
What Farms my [31] *Barber*, that rich Knave, has
(bought.
One Old Man cry's, my Shoulder's full of pains,
This of his Legs, that of his Hips complains.
Stark blind with Age, another envies him,
Who yet has ſight left, tho't be ne're ſo dim:
Unable this to lift his own to's Head,
By others Hands at his pale Lips is fed,
At ſight of which he opens wide his Chops,
And yawns, juſt as the young ſtarv'd *Swallow*
(gapes,
When with full mouth the faſting Mother flies
To give that food, which ſhe to' her ſelf denies.
But tho the loſs of Limbs be grievous, yet
Worſe is his loſs of Senſe, who can forget
His Servants names, or know his Friend no more,
Altho' he ſup't with him the Night before:
Whoſe Lawful Children ſo forgotten are,
A wheedling Whore gets to be made his Heir;
VVho artifice in wanton kiſſes ſhews,
And all her little Tricks of Lechery do's,
As had long ſince been taught her in the Stews.
But if his *Senſes* ſtrong and vig'rous are,
They ſo much greater grief Adminiſter:
Brethren and Siſters he ſees laid i'th Grave,
His Children's aſhes they'r Interment have,
The funeral Pile prepar'd for his Lov'd VVife;
Theſe are th' afflictions of too long a Life.

For loſs of Friends he conſtant Mourning wears,
All the Calamities of his Houſe he bears,
Till he grows Old in Sorrows, as in Years.
King [32] *Neſtor* (if we may give credit to
Great *Homer*) Liv'd the longeſt next a Crow:
Happy no doubt whom Death ſo long delays,
He with his [33] Right hand fingers counts his days,
*VV*ho drank new *W*ine ſo oft: But lets forbear
A while to judge him ſo, and himſelf hear,
Complaining of the rigid Laws of Fate,
To ſpin his *T*hread of Life to ſuch a Date:
He ſaw his Son [34] *Antilochus* expire,
And his long Beard flame in the Funeral Fire
*T*he wretched *Neſtor*, cries to every one,
*VV*hat have I done, that I ſhould live ſo long?
Old *Peleus* mourns his Son *Achilles* ſlain;
And when [35] *Ulyſſes* wandred on the Main
His Old *S*ire too, (believing him his *S*on,
*T*he Cuckold griev'd as if he'd been his own.)
Had [36] *Pryam* dy'd while *Troy* was flouriſhing,
H'had ſlept with his Forefathers like a King;
*Hector* and Brothers (while his *S*ubjects mourn)
*T*he Royal Corpſe had on their ſhoulders born;
[37] *Caſſandra* had accompany'd his *H*erſe,
*VV*ith beautiful [38] *Polixena* in *T*ears:
*T*hus 'twould have been, if he had dy'd before
Lewd [39] *Paris* put to *S*ea to fetch a *VV*hore.
*VV*hat pleaſure could long Life to him afford,
*VV*ho ſaw his Country waſt by Fire and *S*word?

Com-

Compell'd in his Old Age to take up Arms,
When at *Joves* Altar (following the Alarms, )
As he was fighting in his Sons defence,
A Sturdy Captain kills the trembling Prince:
So falls the Aged Ox, his labour done,
A Sacrifice to the ungrateful Clown.
How ere he dy'd a Man; but [40] *Hecuba*
Surviv'd, Transform'd to, a Bitch (as Stories say)
And bark't the remnant of her life away.
But to bring instances at home, I pass
King [41] *Mithridrates*, and rich [42] *Crœsus* case,
Whom the Wise *Solon* justly did forbid,
To reckon himself happy e're he dy'd.
Old [43] *Marius* overcome, to Boggs he fled,
Thence taken, was in a dark Dungeon laid,
And afterwards near *Carthage* beg'd his Bread.
Not *Rome* a happier Man had ever known,
Nor Nature on the Earth his equal shown,
If when his crowd of Captives, Pomp of War
The Grandeur of his Triumph did declare,
Lighting from's Chariot in that Glorious Day
Then *Marius* Noble Soul had fled away.
[44] *Pompey* a Feaver at *Campania* had,
For whose recov'ry publick Prayers were made;
He was restor'd to Health, and liv'd to have,
His Head Cut off by an *Egyptian* slave;
A sort of Death the Traytor [45] *Lentulus*
Ne're knew, nor did [46] *Cethegus* suffer thus:
Ev'n [47] *Cataline* the Chief of them, was slayn
Fairly in Battle, fighting like a Man.

In

In *Venus* Temple the fond Mother prays,
With an indifferent Zeal, for handſom Boys;
But her Zeal's doubled in an eager Prayer,
That all her Girls may be Divinely Fair:
And can you cenſure me for this, ſhe ſays?
Happy [48] *Latona* to rejoyce had cauſe,
In ſuch a Daughter as [49] *Diana* was.
True, but fair [50] *Lucrece* deſtiny do's forbid,
*Her* wretched Beauty's to be coveted:
And would not delicate [51] *Virginia*,
To have chang'd Fates, chang'd ſhapes with [52] *Ru-*
*(tila?*

The Beauteous *Son* creates continual care
To, its fearful Parents, who well know 'tis rare
When Modeſty and Beauty coupl'd are.
Nay, tho' good Rules and Abſtinence preſerve
*Him* chaſt, as the Old *Sabines* tho' to ſtarve;
All Luſtful inclinations, Nature ſhou'd
Aſſiſt to temper, and make cool the Blood;
(For frigid Nature better can keep in
Ill Motions, than the ſtricteſt Diſcipline.)
Yet e're this Lovely Youth's a Man become,
By ſome profuſe rich Lecher a large *Summ*
Is to his Parents profer'd for the Boy:
Thus powerful Bribes weak Honeſty deſtroy.
No Tyrants, when they *Eunuchs* make, will ſeize
On any Youth with groſs Deformities:
*Nero* no Clubfoot will a Pathick make,
Nor one with ſwellings in Throat, Breaſt, or Back.

Go

Go then, and of thy Sons fam'd Beauties boaſt,
Which ſtill to greater dangers are expos'd.
If he ſcapes Gelding, then 'tis ten to one,
But he's the greateſt Whoremaſter in Town,
And runs the riſque t' encounter whatſo'ere
The moſt exaſperated Cuckolds dare:
Nor can he hope to be ſo Fortunate,
As never to be caught in *Mars*'s Net,
Where he ſeverer Puniſhments ſhall meet,
Than any Law do's for his Crime inflict:
By Stab, ſome have to ſudden Death been ſent,
Others with Bloody Stripes been Cut, ſome Rent
By a Mullet thruſt up thro' their Fundament.
But thy *Endymion* ſay, doth only ly
With her he Loves; the reſtleſs Lechery
Of her he Loaths, tempts him with Gold to do't,
Can he refuſe when ſhe to bribe him to't,
Has pawn'd her rich Embroider'd Petty-coat?
She will no Methods to her ſelf deny,
Who has her rageing Luſt to gratifie;
Whether ſhe be profuſe or Covetous
T' attain her ends ſhe can her Humour croſs.
But to the chaſt what hurt has Beauty done?
Witneſs [53] *Hippolitus*, and [54] *Bellerophon*,
Who *Stenobæa* was tormented with,
And *Phædra*'s paſſion caus'd the others Death.
A Womans Wrath implacable do's prove,
When ſhame Spurs on Revenge for ſlighted Love.
What's to be choſe in ſuch a deſperate caſe
As [55] his, the faireſt Youth of Noble Race?
Compell'd to be a wretched Sacrifice,
For being lovely in the Empreſs Eyes.
See *Meſſalina*, (*Cæſar* gone aſide)
Set forth with all th' Adornments of a Bride;
Her Bride-Beds in a flowry Garden made,
The accuſtom'd Portion is told out and paid,
The Publick Notary and Diviner's there
With all ſufficient Witneſs to declare
The Marriage wondrous Lawful on her part:
How beats the Pulſe of the poor Bridegrooms heart?

He knows 'tis present death if he deny,
And gains but little Time if he comply:
While Rumour of the Crime, is spread about,
The Town, and *Cesar* (tho' the last) must know't.
In the mean time thy Life is short and sweet,
Enjoy Brave Wretch the best thou canst of it:
Hard Fate affords no better choice to make,
Both alike fatal to thy fine white Neck.
Must Man then pray for nothing at this rate,
Since nothing do's him good? To answer that,
Take my advice, Let us contented sit,
And our concerns to Providence submit,
Who knows what's proper, and bestows what's fit.
Who of our good takes an especial care,
Kinder to us than to our selves we are.
For we driv'n by the Passions of our mind,
And led by fond Desires, as Bold, as Blind,
Covet a Wife, and Child; when God above
Alone, knows what the Wife or Child may prove.
Yet that our Prayers, for something made, may rise
To Heaven an acceptable Sacrifice;
Let's pray for Health, and Wisdom, pray to have
A Mind so great, Deaths Terrors can't enslave,
As knowing he that quits this Life, but pays
A due and priviledge which Nature has:
A Mind by no Calamities depress't,
Which Anger stirs not, nor Desires molest
Which will in choice severest Labours bare
And the hard Toyls of *Hercules* prefer,
To all [56] *Sardanapalus* Luxuries,
His VVomen, VVine, and soft inglorious ease.
I'll shew how we may add to our own Bliss;
Through Vertue lyes the Road to Happiness;
If with discretion every thing we do,
The Divine VViſdom will assist us too:
But we neglect all-seeing Providence,
And make a Diety of Stark blind Chance.

*FINIS* Sat. 10th.

# Advertisement.

*THis Verſion, ſuch as it is, will require ſome Notes, and more perhaps than if it had been better: But as Mr.* Shadwell, *and Mr.* Dryden (*I conclude*) *have made uſe of Sr.* R. Stapyltons, Holidays Luben's, &c. *So, becauſe I love my eaſe as much as any of them, I ſhall not ſcruple* (*as I have occaſion*) *to take from thoſe that ly next me, be the Commentator, Modern or more Ancient. For when once the diſcovery is made of the Perſon and Story related to by the Author, there will be very little room left to make any miſtakes in: And in performing this there's no doubt but we ſhall all agree peaceably enough. And ſince commonly theſe ſort of Notes are but dull things of themſelves, tho' they are called Illuſtrations and Illuminations,* &c. *in my Opinion Mr.* John Dryden *Junior's method therein is very allowable, and for ought I know more Luculent than the* Dauphin's *famous Tutors.*

## *Notes upon the Tenth* Satyr *of* Juvenal.

1. HE *too, &c.* all Perſons agree this Man here meant to be *Milo* of *Crotona*, who was a deviliſh ſtrong huffing Fellow: He would carry an Ox a Furlong, and hold his Breath all the while: He would knock down a Bull ſtark Dead, with one blow of his Fiſt, and afterwards make but one meals Meat of him. At laſt ſtriving to rend an Oak in two, his Arms were caught in the Cleft of it, and there he was held till ſome wild Beaſts in Revenge came and devoured him.

(2.) C. *Caſſius Longinus*, a learned Lawyer and poſſeſſed of great Riches, which *Nero* reſolving to have, ſeized him as a Traytor, put out his Eyes, and within an hour after had him murdered. All the proof of his Treaſon was, his having *C. Caſſius*'s Picture in his Chamber, who was a Conſpirator againſt *Julius Caſar*, above 100. years before, and perhaps an Anceſtor of this unhappy *Longinus*.

(3.) The famous *Seneca*, *Nero*'s Tutor; all the Ladies know his Story, and have ſeen his Picture naked, bleeding to Death in a Bath.

(4.) *Plautus*

(4.) *Plautius Lateranus*, only upon ſuſpicion of being in *Piſo*'s conſpiracy, was by *Nero*'s order ſeiz'd and diſpatched ſo quick, that it was deny'd him to take his leave and laſt Farewel of his own Children. ☞ Theſe are three very comfortable inſtances of the effects of Arbitrary Power.

(5.) *Democritus* of *Abdera*, a City in *Thrace*, a great Philoſopher and one who always laugh'd at the various Fooleries and Miſeries of Mankind, as created by himſelf. Perhaps that chearful temper of his, made him live to be 109. years old, as *Laertius* ſays he was.

(6.) *Heraclitus* of *Epheſus*, another great Philoſopher, who as perpetually wept at the ſame: But I do not find he lived ſo long.

(7.) Here is a large and extraordinary inſtance in the fall of *Sejanus*, who was ſuch a peculiar Favorite to the Emperour *Tiberius*, as perhaps the World never knew a greater Subject, more proſperous while he continued ſo, nor one more mean and vile when once fallen into diſgrace, in reſpect of the uſage he met withal.

(8.) *Capreæ*, An Iſland near *Campania*, where the Emperor *Tiberius* reſided much, and ſpent his time there very ſcurvily; ſo ill, it is a ſhame to make a relation of it.

(9.) This *Brutidius* it ſeems was a Lawyer, and of the Emperors Counſel. But here is the greateſt difference amongſt our Commentators, whether our Author applies the Name of *Ajax* in the Line following to this ſame *Brutidius*, or to the Emperor himſelf: Of a party now I muſt be, and therefore will ſide with thoſe I apprehend to be the ſtrongeſt (*viz.*) With thoſe who apply it to *Brutidius*, who I take to be a kind of an Attorney General to *Cæſar*, and who upon the diſcovery of this Plot of *Sejanus*'s, laid about him ſo plaguily to ſecure himſelf in the Emperours Grace and Favour, that he miſtook Friends for Foes, and proſecuted good Loyal Subjects as Enemies to the State. I wiſh our remembrance could not reflect on ſomething too like it in the Late Reigns.

(10.) The *Ædile* was the loweſt ſort of Magiſtrates among the *Romans*, whom I ſhould complement to compare with the Mayor of one of our Corporations.

(11.) *Ulubræ*, not to complement this Town; it was a ſad poor one, as one may conjecture, a little better than *Caſtle-Riſing*, and not quite ſo good as *Higham Ferrars* in *Northamptonſhire*.

(12.) *Craſſus*, ſlain in *Parthia*, thither carried by his Ambition.

(13.) *Pompey* the Great, treacherouſly murthered by *Ptolomy's Eunuch*, *Achilles* pretending to receive him as a Friend.

(14.) Even *Julius Cæſar* himſelf, whoſe end is known to every one; concerning which (if you pleaſe) you may read Mr. *Cowley's* Poem, called

called *Brutus*. It was wont to be ſaid that this *Cæſar* could not endure an Equal, nor *Pompey* a Superiour.

(15.) *M. Tullius Cicero*, the Famous Orator, whoſe Story is familiar to all School-boys: No Man ever deſerv'd better of the Roman Government, and no Man worſe uſed than he in his Old Age, upon its Alteration, by the *Triumvirate*; eſpecially by *M. Antonius*, who cauſed his Head and Hands to be cut off, and nail'd to the *Roſtrum* (*anglice Pulpit*) from whence *Cicero* had delivered thoſe ſmart Orations againſt M. *Antony*, which *Tully* had a fancy to call *Philipiques*, it ſeems, becauſe *Demoſthenes* before him, had made the like ſevere ones againſt *Philip* King of *Macedon*.

(16.) *What Happineſs, &c.* Certainly notwithſtanding *Scaliger*'s Vindication of this in the Latin, our Author mentions it in ridicule, as a very ſilly Verſe, and moſt eſteem it ſuch, tho' not ſo eaſily mock't in *Engliſh* Verſe, as it is conſtrued. Mr. *Dryden*, without diſpute, has done it beyond any Tranſlator; he has Tagg'd it Top and Bottom, and made it jingle every ways.

*Fortune foretun'd the dying Notes of* Rome,
*Till I thy Conſul, ſole Conſol'd thy Doom.*

I confeſs nine years agon, when I made this Verſion, this Couplet was not the ſame as it is now, nor now as it ſhould be, only methinks any ways turn'd ridiculouſly it may be well enough allow'd of.

(17.) *Marcus Antonius*, a bloody Roman Tory, who uſed *Cicero* juſt as before related: But when *Auguſtus* got the Power from him, and made himſelf abſolute, then *Antony* ſtood up for the Ancient Rights and Liberties of *Rome* when it was too late, and he could not enſlave them himſelf, or perhaps Afflictions might alter his mind and mend him.

(18.) *Demoſthenes*. As famous for his Oratory amongſt the *Athenians*, as *Tully* was among the *Romans* about 250 years after him. Both alike engaged in the Defence of the Laws & Liberties of their Countries, and both equally unfortunate in their End: For when *Antipater* ſent *Archias* the Player to perſwade *Demoſthenes* to come to him, and to aſſure him with fair words, that if he would, he ſhould not ſuffer in any kind; *Demoſthenes* reply'd to him, I never liked thee, *Archias* when thou wer't a Player, but much worſe now thou acteſt the Embaſſador. At that *Archias* threatned to force him away. Stay, ſaid *Demoſthenes*, now thou unfoldeſt the *Macedonian*; Oracle before thou talkedſt like a Player: let me but write to my Friends, and I'll go with thee. Then ſeeming to be about to diſpatch Letters, he put a

Quill into his Mouth, and from thence ſuck't poyſon, which he had purpoſely hid there to diſpatch himſelf in extremity.

(19.) *Hanibal.* The Famous General of the *Carthaginians*, who was a ſeverer Scourge to the *Romans*, than any they ever met withall. He being afterwards diſtreſſed in *Bythinia*, and ſuſpecting that that King would deliver him up to his Mortal Enemies the *Romans*, to prevent it Poiſoned himſelf, ſucking his Poyſon from the hollow of a Ring, a trick he had probably learn't from the aforeſaid *Demoſthenes*.

(20.) *Alexander* the Great, who died in the thirtieth year of his Age.

(21.) *Gyarus*, a ſmall Iſland, to which the *Romans* were wont to ſend great Criminals for Confinement.

(22.) *Xerxes.* The mighty King of *Perſia*, whoſe Army is ſaid to conſiſt of 1000000 Men, the biggeſt I believe mentioned in any Story; notwithſtanding which, he received a Defeat by *Themiſtocles*, at *Salamis*, whoſe ridiculous going off then, and his prodigious vain carriage towards the Winds and Seas is very pleaſantly deſcribed by our Author.

(23.) *Soſtratus*, An extravagant drunken Poet, fit to write ſuch an expedition as *Xerxes*'s was.

(24.) *Seleucus.* The moſt Eminent Muſician in the Author's time, for playing on, and ſinging to the Lute.

(25.) *Hippia*, a Lady of Quality, Wife to *Viento* a Senator, who ran away with *Sergius* the Fencer, and grew very Lewd.

(26.) *Themiſon*, an Eminent Phyſician in *Rome*, Famous there as *Willis* or *Lower* amongſt us of late, and killed as many perhaps.

(27.) *Baſilius*, Prefect of a Province, by a Conqueſt brought under the ſubjection of the *Romans*, where he unconſcionably Oppreſt and Pillaged the Inhabitants.

(28.) *Irus.* A Roguiſh Guardian, who ſhamefully enriched himſelf by cheating Orphans.

(29.) *Maura.* A confounded ſcandalous Whore.

(30.) *Amillus.* A filthy Sodomite.

(31.) *Juvenals* Barber, whoſe name ſome ſay was *Licinius*, others *Cimamus*, who being kept by a Wealthy Madam, was grown ſo rich, that he work't himſelf up to a *Roman* Gentleman at leaſt; if not a Senator.

(32.) *Neſtor*, King of *Pylus*, who was ſaid to live near three hundred years.

(33.) The Ancients counted upon the Fingers of their Left Hand as far as a hundred, beyond that they uſed their Right Hand, to much greater Summs.

(34.) *An-*

(34.) *Antilochus.* A worthy Son of Old King *Nestors*: This *Antilochus* is not supposed to dye very young, because our Author expresses him Bearded.

(35.) *Ulysses*, his supposed Fathers name was *Laertes*, but *Ajax* said *Sysiphus* got him. He was a subtle Bastard if he was one.

(36.) *Priam.* The last King of *Troy*, was very old and infirm; when at the Altar of *Jupiter* striving to defend his Son *Polites*, he was killed by *Pyrrhus.*

(37.) *Cassandra*, *Priam's* Daughter, a Propheteſs. She would not let *Apollo* ly with her, but *Ajax* ravish't her.

(38.) *Polyxena*, Another Daughter of King *Priams*, a Celebrated Beauty, but very unfortunate.

(39.) *Paris*, Son of *Priam*, a very handsom stout Fellow, but an unhappy Spark, for his Lewdness was the cause of *Troy's* Destruction.

(40.) *Hecuba*, Wife of *Priam*, who for her continual exclaiming against the *Greeks*, and reviling them for the murther of her Husband and Children, and ruining her Country, was by Poetical Fiction said to be Metamorphosed into a Bitch.

(41.) *Mythridates* King of *Pontus*, who after forty years War with the *Romans*, being overcome by them, attempted to Poyson himself, but could not, by reason of the Antidotes he had so constantly enured his Body too; so he slew himself. If the *Mithridate* which our *Apothecaries* prepare (and which without scruple took its name from him) will have the same Sovereign effects, and is a true Receipt of his Antidote, it ought to be highly valued.

(42.) *Crœsus*, King of *Lydia*, boasting to *Solon* of his prodigious Riches, and from thence calculating his Happiness, the wise Philosopher told him, his Happiness could not be stated till his end was known, before which he was put in Chains by *Cyrus* King of *Persia*, and condemned to be burnt to Death. Now altho' at the Minute of his Execution he received pardon, *&c.* as the Story will tell you, yet without dispute it was a great Interruption of his Felicities to be brought to such an extremity.

(43.) Old *Marius*. So very goodly an old Man to look upon, that the very Majesty of his presence alone disabled a Slave sent to kill him, and struck him with that terror, that the Wretch let fall his Sword, and left him. This *Marius* from a mean Birth arose to such Grandeur by his Atchievements in War, that he was six times chosen Consul, and afterwards baniſh'd, distress'd, impriſon'd and begg'd his Bread: After that recalled by *Cinna* to *Rome* he was the Seventh time made Consul, and caused great Bloodshed in the Civil Wars betwixt him and *Sylla*; at last he died of a Feaver.

(44.) *Pom-*

( 44. ) *Pompey* the Great: See Number 13.

( 45. ) *Lentulus*, one in *Catilines* Conſpiracy, who was ſtrangled in Priſon.

( 46. ) *Cethegus*, another of the ſame Conſpirators, who died after the ſame manner.

( 47. ) *Catiline*, the chief of the Conſpiracy, ſlain in Battel.

( 48. ) *Latona*, A mortal Lady, who got with Child by *Jupiter*, brought forth Twins, one a God and the other a Goddeſs viz. *Apollo*, and

( 49. ) *Diana*, very handſome, yet eſteemed the Goddeſs of Chaſtity.

( 50. ) *Lucretia*, Raviſh'd by *Sextus Tarquinius*, Stab'd her ſelf. The Story is known ſufficiently.

( 51. ) *Virginia*, The beautifull of *Virginius*, who (to prevent the violation of her chaſtity by *Appius Clodius*, one of the *Decemviri*, and being made his Bondſlave) Stab'd her with his own Hands, crying out, I ſend thee, my dear Daughter, to the ſhades of our Forefathers free and honeſt. Two Titles which Tyranny would not let thee enjoy living. Then ſhewed he his Bloody Hands to his fellow Souldiers, who animated thereby, ſtrait ways wrought the deſtruction, not only of *Appius Clodius*, but of the *Decemviri*, and reſtored Conſuls again.

( 52. ) *Rutila*, A *Roman* Lady, no ways unfortunate, but that ſhe was Old, Ugly, and crooked.

( 53. ) *Hippolitus*. The Son of *Theſeus* was belov'd by his Mother-in-Law *Phædria*; but he refuſing her, in revenge ſhe wrought his Death. The reſidue of the Story ſeems ſuch a confounded lie, I cannot find in my conſcience to tell it.

( 54. ) *Bellerophon*, Son of *Glaucus*, King of *Epirus*, reſiding at the Court of *Prætus* King of the *Argives*, his Queen *Stenoba* made love to him; he refuſing her, ſhe turn'd the accuſation upon him, and procured him to be plagued by inſufferable dangers, which he overcoming was concluded to be innocent, and with much ado ſcap'd with Life.

( 55. ) *As his, &c. Cajus Silius*, a very handſome noble *Roman*, to whom that lewd Empreſs, *Meſſalina*, the Wife of *Claudius* muſt needs be married, altho her Husband was gone no great journey: Had *Silius* refuſed her, ſhe would have commanded his preſent Death; and quickly after, when *Claudius* knew it, he returns, and orders them both to be put to Death.

( 56. ) *Sardanapalus*, The laſt King of *Aſſyria*, one ſo ſhamefully Effeminate, that he would dreſs himſelf like a Woman, and ſit and Spin among the Ladies in his *Seraglio*. Which brought him to a very unhappy end.

*FINIS.*